Vol. V. Numb. 100

THE OBSERVATOR.

An Answer to the Rehearser's *Vindication of Admiral* Dilks. *The* Country-man *has pick'd up* Lesley's *Cant, and tells a merry Story. A Touch on a certain Sprig of the Law:*
Whose Coach, and Equipage is shown;
His Horses Portraict, and his own.

From Wednesday, February 26. to Saturday, March 1. 170⅚.

Country-m. MAster, the *Rehearser* has another full Paper in Vindication of *Dilks*, against Mr. *Seager*: Pray read it, and let me have your Thoughts upon it.

Obs. Roger, it has been my Fortune, or rather Misfortune, to defend the *English* Liberties against Arbitrary Power, and to defend the Queen's Right against *Perkin*, or rather the *French* King, and I have been very indifferently rewarded for both. But however, 'tis my Duty so to do, let what will come of it.

The *Rehearser* says this Business of the Admiral's is made a Party-Cause. It is a Party-Cause without making it so. We have but two Parties in *England*; one for a *French* Arbitrary Government, and the other for the old *English* Constitution. Now, the High-flying Ruffian Church-men are the former, and the latter, all honest Men of what Religion soever, that are for the *English* Constitution, and are willing to be govern'd by Laws of their own making.

Arbitrary Government begins in a Point, but 'tis a growing Thing, and if not stop'd, will move in a Circle; like a little Drop of Oil on Water, it will expatiate it self over the whole Superficies. Our Laws are our Protection against Arbitrary Power, but when those Laws are overcome, are not *English*-men Slaves?

I have all along, in my Papers, justify'd the War, as tending to rescue others from Slavery, and Arbitrary Power. Pray, Gentlemen, don't let us admit of that at Home, which we are pulling down Abroad. If the Land and Sea Officers can, after an Arbitrary Manner, be Judges in their own Cause, and be the Executioners of their own Sentences, *Dragooning* may follow *Drubbing*; and by the same Law that an Admiral may drub one that serves the Navy with Bread, he may take that Bread from him for the Service, without his Leave.

God preserve *England* from a standing Army. We have had Instances enough, I think, within this Year past, to guess what the Men of Arms would do.

Well, but the *Rehearser* says all are mean Persons, but the Officers; what a Power of mean Persons have we in the Kingdom then? And are not the Foot-men preferr'd to Offices Greater Men than those that support the Government, and defray the Charge of the War?

Country-m. Master, I wonder how the Gentlemen of *England* can bear this Reproach of the *Rehearser*. Many of the best Families in *England* have sprung from Trades; the *Masons*, the *Smiths*, the *Shepherds*, the *Carpenters*, the *Weavers*, the *Butchers*, the *Fullers*, the *Gardeners*, the *Bakers*, the *Brewers*, the *Dyers*, the *Hatts*, and many others, have taken their Names from the Trades of their first Ancestor. How many good Families of these Names have we in our Nation? And are all these liable to be drubb'd by the Officers of the Army and Navy, as mean Persons?

But the *Rehearser* is mighty angry at Mr. *Seager*, because he would pretend to make Admiral *Dilks*, a Man of Honour, pay for Swearing. Is he a Man of Honour, that shall profanely dishonour God? And is he fit to be a Creature of a Christian Court, that shall openly affront his Creator?

If a Person, be he in never so great a Station, shall transgress the Law of the Land, he must be punish'd as that Law directs. 'Tis no equitable Law, where any are excus'd, and 'tis no just Execution of Laws, where any are exempted from Punishment.

But the *Rehearser* says, that the Alderman ought to have challeng'd the Admiral for his Oaths presently, and made him pay his Shilling then. Perhaps the Alderman had more Manners, than to disturb a Company at Dinner: It was not a proper Time to do Justice. Justice is painted with Leaden Feet, and Iron Hands. It is slow, but sure. But why a Shilling, Master? I thought it had been more than a Shilling, for a Person to swear in Company of a Magistrate.

Obs. This is what the *Rehearser* advances, to show his Ignorance in the Law, as many Times he has done; but those that will not be govern'd by Law, need not read Law. But 'tis pretty, to observe, that after he has vindicated his Man of Honour, he makes him a meer Scoundrel, by subjecting him to the Penalty of the meanest Cobler in the Kingdom. Prethee, Slave, tell me what Fool of a Lord Mayor was that, who took a Shilling for an Oath sworn at his Table?

Country-m. He says, no Body heard the Admiral swear, but Mr. *Seager*, and so he seems to accuse him of a Falsehood.

Obs. When Swearing becomes a Habit, Men don't know when they swear themselves; nay, they'll swear they did not swear. And Perhaps, the rest of the Company being adicted to swearing themselves, and constantly frequenting swearing Company, it being no uncommon Thing to them, they might take no Notice of it. But, *Roger*, we had one of the best Men in *England* taken off upon the Evi-

dence

dence of one that heard him say, what not one of a numerous Company heard one Word of; and this was done by a Tory High-Church Jury: And when King *James* heard the Matter of Fact, he declar'd he would not have hang'd a Dog on such Evidence; but they had hang'd the Gentleman before the King knew upon what slender Evidence.

Country-m. And, Master, do you think, if her Majesty knew the Right of this Case, she would suffer such a Person in her Service? Beating a Magistrate, is beating the Queen in the Magistrate; for the Magistrate is her Representative.

Obs. Well, *Roger*, let the Persons employ'd in the Navy behave themselves never so ill, the Affairs of the *Admiralty* were never in a better Condition than at present, since the Revolution; and we hope for a better Emprovement of the Discipline of the Navy; but for some of the Commanders, they are but *Et Cetera*'s, and the World may judge what Sort of Man Admiral *Dilks* is, by his Advocate, the *Rehearser*. — What ha'st pick'd up at *London*?

Country-m. Indelible, flaming, flagrant, pungent, damn'd, curs'ed Whigs, the Seed of 41. Indelible flaming! ——

Obs. Hold, *Roger*, ar't thou bewitch'd? Sure you have been among the Tribe of *Lesley*, and ha'st learn'd the Dialect of *Babel*.

Country-m. You are in the Right on't, Master, I have been conning of these rumbling Words, 'till I have got 'em by Heart, and design to carry 'em red hot to our Parson.

Obs. That is, if you don't tumble down by the Way, *Roger*.

Country-m. Master *Observator*, I have heard of a Play, where they bring in several Sorts of mad People; and amongst the rest, one pestilent noisy Fellow, and this was an *English*-man, calling out as if the Devil was in him, for Beef and Pudding, Beef and Pudding. Now, Master, if they make any more Plays, I would have 'em bring in a mad *Irish* Priest, trotting cross the Stage, and roaring out, Indelible, flaming, flagrant, pungent, damn'd, curs'ed Whigs, and 41. with a Hub-bub-bub-boo, at last.

Obs. Certainly, *Roger*, thou ha'st drunk a Cup too much of *October*.

Country-m. To tell you the Truth, Master, I had little to do, and so I went this Afternoon to a Coffee-house; where, you must know, the Volk sould Stout, as well as Coffee, and this same House prov'd to be a Nest of *Jacobites*. As soon as ever they saw the Country-man, they cry'd, *A Bite*, and so they hover'd about me like so many Sherks. *Honest Country-man*, said the Principal of them, *do'st thou believe the Divine Right of Kings and Tythes, and the indelible Character of Priests? Do'st thou hate that flaming flagrant Doctrine of Self-Defence, teem'd by the curs'ed Brood of 41? Ha! Country-man, speak; what say'st thou?* And then they all star'd as if they would have devour'd me, and in harsher Tones, demanded an Account of my Belief. I, in a Fright, Master, forgot the hard Words, and remembering only, that they ask'd me what I believ'd, instantly began to say my Creed, and was going on with it; upon which, they fell a laughing, and said, *Pugh, the Fellow is a Fool!* However, after this they had so much Manners as to take me by the Hand, and say as I do to you, *Here's t'ye.*

Obs. Thank you, honest *Bite*.

Country-m. In short, Master, they would not let me go, 'till I had learn'd all the hard Words: They prais'd *Lesley* to the Skies, and told me I must needs believe him to be a Man of Sincerity, since he endur'd so much Privacy, Self-Denyal, and Hardship for the Cause. Now, what do you say to that, Master?

Obs. Why, *Roger*, I say, that the SHE *Lesley* is rampant, flaming, flagrant, and pungent. Now, what do you say to that, *Roger*?

Country-m. Why, I say, this is the Devil upon the Doctor: And, Master, this looks as if the Priest absconded from his Wife and Creditors, not out of Love to the Cause. But *Face* is *Latin* for a Candle. Stop here, Master, we shall rouze those *Dismals*, the Tribe of *Lesley*.

Obs. What need you fear that, *Roger*? In 41. when they were rouz'd, they were like rascally Deer, rouz'd only to run away, and they'll be so again, when they shall *rouze their Natures against the Queen*, as they threaten in their *Memorial*.

Country-m. Or like my surly self-will'd Hog, when he is rouz'd, he grunts amain, cocks his Bristles, and does nothing but Mischief all the Day after. But, Master, what should make these Fellows, that ran away, and bilk'd their Master, put People in Mind of their Cowardice.

Obs. Indeed, *Roger*, I can't tell. But prethee, *Roger*, did not the *Lesleians* talk something of a Commission?

Country-m. Thank you for that, Master; come, here is my Service to you, the *Divine Commission*. I had forgot one of my hard Words; but if what you say, is true, about *Lesley*'s Debts, a Commission of Bankrupt would fit the *Irish*-man best.

Obs. Roger, he does not come within the Benefit of the Act, for there is no Provisions made for insolvent Pedlars in Divinity small Wares.

Country-m. But now we talk of Commissions, what's become of *Ned*, the Bankrupt Broker?

Obs. They say he's left out of the Commissions.

Country-m. Ah! Master, there is somewhat in the upper Regions, that protects him, I think they call it the great Bear; pray what's that in *Latin*?

Obs. Ursa Major.

Country-m. Aye, aye, the Major, the Major; as long as the Major takes care of him, he'll never come off by the Lee. But, Master, now he has done with the Knaves, I hear he is sneak'd in to fit upon Fools; and besides, he is going to keep a Coach; would I had the making it for him.

Obs. What should it be made of, *Roger*?

Country-m. Why, the round Things that are tagg'd to Commissions, should be plated with their own Tin Covers, and be his Wheels; the Traces should be made of Tape, and I'd use Parchment, instead of Leather, and Bodkins instead of Nails; his Coach-Horses should be a Pair of the tallest Messengers, that can be got for Money; and last of all, his two Clerks should be Coach-man and Foot-man, with pertinent Liveries, and with Bunches of Quills for Shoulder-knots; and thus equipp'd, *Ned* the Major, and *Ned* the Attorney, should sally forth triumphantly.

Obs. 'Tis no jesting Matter; the evil Practices of Attornies, Commissioners, and others, have made all this Clamour, and the poor Debtor suffers; but 'tis presum'd this will not hinder those who have surrender'd their *All*, from the Benefit of the Law.

Country-m. Master, I must beg your Favour the next Time we meet, about recruiting the Army by Volunteers.

Obs. Roger, I shall oblige thee in any Thing.

*** *A. Woodson*'s highly approv'd *Golden Pills*; being an effectual Medicine against the Small-Pox, Ptisick, Shortness of Breath, Scurvy, Head-Ach, Worms in Old and Young, Consumption, and other Diseases incident to the Bodies of Men and Women; and in particular of Womens Diseases. Of all which you have a large Account in my printed Bills. *Beware of Counterfeits.* The Price is 1 *s.* and 2 *s.* the Box, with printed Directions. The Pills are sold only at Mr. *Evens*'s, at the *Coach* and *Horses* near *Charing Cross*; Mrs. *Giles*'s, next the *Hercules-Pillars Alley* in *Fleet-street*, near the *Inner Temple Gate*; Mrs. *Lilles*'s, next the *Angel* and *Sugar Loaf*, over against the *Pump* in the *Great Minories*; Mrs. *Small*'s, at the *Crown* in *Porters-street*, near *Leicester-fields*; and at Mr. *Bragge*'s, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noster-Row*.

These are to give Notice,

*** That *Mary Kirleus*, the Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate of *London*, and Sworn Physician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. sells (rightly perpar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills, experienc'd above 50 Years, to cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leprosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate Venereal Disease, with all its attending Symptoms, in all Constitutions and Seasons, without Fluxing, Confinement, or *Mercurial* Preparations, (generally destructive.) These Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues; the many miserable Ones, that have been cur'd after given over by others, and the daily and speedy Cures she performs, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities. She cures many after Fluxing, and practises in the same Methods as the Doctor did; which she and her late Husband have successfully continu'd ever since his Decease. She compassionates the Distress'd, and deals according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pills 1 *s.* the Box, with Directions; and Advice *gratis*. ☞ She lives at the *Golden Ball* in *Hand-Court*, over against *Great Turnstile*, in *Holborn*.

20 IX 63

LONDON, Printed by *H. Meere*, for the Author, JOHN TUTCHIN.